

The COMMONWEAL

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Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.; HARRY LOREN
BURNHAM, Managing Editor; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Special Editor;
C. G. PAULINO, Associate Editor; JOHN BRUBAKER, Advertising
Manager.

National Catholicism

IF THE ENTIRE world were predominantly Catholic all the faithful would look to the Holy Father for guidance in deciding the merits of a war of the proportions now raging in Europe. And no doubt such guidance would be forthcoming and would carry decisive weight. But, alas, the majority of men today do not look to Rome for moral guidance. In fact their vision of the Eternal City is beclouded by the trappings of Fascism which also has its center in Rome. This is something that the Church did not produce and certainly cannot quickly change. It is a fact typical of the general situation wherein Catholics are at best a leaven surrounded by a not easily leavened mass. Moreover, they are leaven functioning in "measures of meal" sharply separated one from another by all the national and social barriers of our times. As such they must adopt policies suited to the circumstances of their special cases. English Catholics have duties peculiar to their status as Englishmen, just as German and Italian Catholics have special obligations arising from their nationality. Above all they cannot be required so to act that their very existence and therefore their influence in their nation be jeopardized, nor can they be expected to be indifferent to the crucial issue commanding the energies of their countrymen. Hence

it is that the world is offered the spectacle of Catholic prelates of the diverse countries at war issuing statements that apparently encourage the conflicting aims of their respective nations. There is, however, considerable difference in the enthusiasm manifested by Catholic spokesmen on the opposing sides. German and Italian Bishops are reported to have given messages of personal encouragement to their soldiers confronted with perilous tasks; whereas the English Primate has undertaken to champion the cause of his government itself. It is said that a social thinker of the nineteenth century predicted that when Russia had gone communist and the rest of Europe had come into the hands of despots, an England turned Catholic alone could save Western civilization. Is Cardinal Hinsley conscious of an historic mission? England is far from Catholic but His Eminence has not failed to stress that a true victory demands a return to religion in England as well as in other countries.

The Pope's Message to France

"WHEREFORE we are here among you, pastors, priests and faithful, moved by your fate (the unprecedented disaster which has crossed your fatherland), but at the same time consoled at finding anew in the day of trial in all its dignity the Catholic soul of this

France whom misfortune has never crushed and has often brought nearer to God to make her more vigorous and faithful to her great spiritual and Christian mission.

"It is precisely toward this mission, which constitutes her greatest title to glory, that we desire to invite you to raise your eyes and your fondest hopes, to realize more perfectly that in so sad an hour of your history your providential mission preserves all its value.

"We know the spiritual resources of which France disposes . . . [and they] are so numerous and so powerful that we are sure . . . [that France] will give to the world the spectacle of a great people worthy of its [age old] . . . traditions who finds in its faith and infinite charity the strength to face adversity and to resume its march on the path of the future and of Christian justice."

These few lines are taken from a cabled, and not wholly satisfactory, translation of a letter sent, late in July, by the Holy Father to the Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops of France. No voice of President, no voice of dictator, no voice which represented material or political power, could bring to the French people such consolation in defeat, such reason for hope, such incitement to courage as they will find in the words of the Pope. "Your providential mission preserves all its value." No voice other than that of the Pope is qualified to give a nation such an assurance and

consecration of permanent dignity. "Is not the true grandeur of a people a spiritual grandeur like that of every man who is conscious of his dignity and of the value of life?" The French people will be grateful and encouraged and determined when, after losing everything that can be measured by power and pride, they are assured now that they have not lost their reason for living—a reason indubitably exceptional.

But the Pope's message has also a meaning for all those who, outside France, have formed an image of that country through heterogeneous sources, and especially for Catholics whose attention, for years concentrated on the attacks in France on the Church, has not been sensible to the spiritual resistance in France to these attacks. For the message is clearly descriptive. And the France in which the Pope has such a striking and calm confidence—and for which he expresses such deep affection, bears little resemblance to the current picture of a decadent, selfish and materialistic France, presently chastized for its sins. The spiritual life of the French people is deep and constant and the Pope's message identifies that life with the national entity France. He speaks constantly of *France*, not only of French Catholics. To the existence of French spirituality, and to its mission in the world, a long line of saints has given constant testimony. The error of many in France as abroad has been to separate that spirituality from the life of the nation, to deny that it had permeated this life, was inseparable from it, and tended to redeem it. After the Pope's message it will be difficult to persist in thinking of the French people as divided in an arid dualism of good and evil.

There was nothing political in the message, yet there would seem to be a legitimate political inference to be drawn. Material conditions of liberty must be granted this spiritual life incarnate in the body of France in order that it may be free to "resume its march on the path of the future and of Christian justice."

Nature Red in Tooth and Claw

DEAR COLONEL LINDBERGH: There is so much that is good and sound and worth saying in your speech before the Chicago

Colonel Keep-America-Out-of-War rally Lindbergh's that it almost seems ungracious to Philosophy call attention to its basic weaknesses. You said, "Our hasty con-

demnation of the French government, struggling desperately to save a defeated nation from collapse, can do nothing but add to famine, hatred and chaos." People will call you fascist and nazi for having said that, but it needed saying. And your analysis of the war to date, on its physical level, is as acute as your analyses on that level have always been: "I saw the phenomenal mili-

tary strength of Germany growing like a giant at the side of an aged and complacent England. France was awake to her danger, but far too occupied with personal ambitions, industrial troubles and internal politics to make more than a feeble effort to rearm. In England there was organization without spirit; in France there was spirit without organization; in Germany there were both."

You say that America cannot solve Europe's problems (which is true), but that we must "co-operate with Europe"—no matter what Europe, good, bad or indifferent—"in our relationships with the other peoples of the earth," and this to "maintain the supremacy of our Western civilization," presumably a supremacy over Asia and Africa. That is also true, if we consider maintaining that supremacy the most important value. But here is where we begin to see a cleavage between your point of view and ours.

For many years you were a co-worker with a great biologist, Dr. Carrel, who has never resisted the impulse to go beyond biology into philosophy, and whose level of thought has always been far above that of a naïve scientism. But in his philosophy Dr. Carrel has tended to make a moral value out of physical fitness, out of fertility and vitality, and has tended to make ancillary those things which do not necessarily work for physical survival—truth, justice, mercy. Is it not likely that you have—unconsciously perhaps—fallen into the same point of view? Is not strength your moral criterion, and does it not become almost wicked in your eyes for the weak in any way to resist the strong? Thus you would not have the white race idly dissipate its strength, lest it lose its supremacy over other, "naturally" weaker races. You assert, "I prefer to say what I believe or not speak at all." But do you actually say—or realize—all that you believe?

If Germany wins—and you virtually assume she will—you feel we must work with her in a new world, and you feel that "cooperation is never impossible when there is sufficient gain on both sides," "treaties are seldom torn apart when they do not cover a weak nation." That proposition is true enough in itself, and especially in Dr. Carrel's philosophy. But in using the proposition to demonstrate your thesis that America must co-operate (not *deal*, under sufferance, but actually *cooperate*) with a victorious Germany, you assume that we are militarily strong, not merely potentially, but *now*. Since this is obviously not the case, your logic—as Walter Lippmann pointed out—is far from air-tight.

The philosophy which seems to inform your point of view—the cult of physical fitness and efficiency and strength—is blood brother of, and leads directly to, the philosophy of fascism. But unfortunately it is stultifying, for in its premise it denies the force of ideas, of ⁿ oral truth, of

philosophy itself. Thus it sees the issue of the present war as concerned only with "the division of territory and wealth between nations." We may agree with you that America cannot solve Europe's problems, and yet disagree strongly with your solution of the general problem. For it would seem that you are doing for all the nations of the earth exactly what you would not have us do for Europe. You yourself—again perhaps unconsciously—offer a general solution for all political problems—a solution, by the way, which literally *dissolves* those problems. Let each nation and race try as much as it can to be top dog; but come what may, it is meet, right and altogether fitting that the top dog win.

Burke-Wadsworth Has Its Troubles

PEACETIME compulsory training has certainly not had smooth sailing either in committee rooms or in the halls of Congress. Devo-tees of democracy like to point with pride to the process whereby fundamental change of policy has to go through the purifying wringer of pressure groups before it can emerge as law. Enemies of democracy laugh and call the whole business wasteful and inefficient. In this case both opinions are probably right. The whole tactics of war has undergone such violent changes in pattern, however much fundamental strategy may remain the same, that it is doubtful whether any agency in America could quickly frame a sound defense policy, particularly with regard to personnel. Certainly the army gives little indication that it is, as a whole, aware of the military significance of what has happened in Europe. It still seems to think in terms of the mass manoeuvre of men rather than machines; it still loves the routine of closed formation infantry drill, the relation of which to the *blitzkrieg* it is difficult for a mere layman to understand. So maybe it is just as well—admitting that compulsory training is necessary, which is another matter—that Senators shout at each other and things get ironed out. The process is indeed slow. And one might be inclined to suffer the delay with better grace if the arguments did not seem so largely irrelevant. What an incalculable advantage for German military efficiency was supplied by the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. What a fine present for any general staff! A chance to begin from scratch, encumbered with no dead wood either in matériel or personnel, and hence to take advantage without hesitation of every technical improvement that came along. That is something for congressmen to ponder, when they listen to the testimony of professional military men in a world that has seen Braddock's defeat repeated on a scale almost past believing.

Alaska and the Far East

BOTH Russia and Japan have adopted a highly belligerent manner in recent public utterances.

Bases
and
Colonies

Not that either should be taken at its word, but their veiled threats have an ominous ring in days like these. Much more meaningful than Molotov's or Matsuoka's public statements is the policy pursued by both powers during recent months. Russia has been particularly successful in grabbing territory from small, weak neighbors, while the world was busied about something else. In the past ten years Japan has seized one opportunity after another to make off with territorial prizes when the Western powers were in no position to oppose her. Precaution on our part is, then, a measure of wisdom in view of the current Soviet and Nipponese way of doing things in a world where force has largely superseded order. Perhaps an even graver reason for looking to our Pacific defenses are the bases that are being established near Alaska, generally conceded to be our most vulnerable spot in the Pacific. Russia is constructing one air base only a mile and a half from American territory and improving another one not much farther distant, on the Siberian mainland. Japan's naval base at Paramosmiri Island, just south of Kamchatka, is also held to be a real threat in our direction. In any case the government's decision to fortify Alaska and checkmate nearby bases seems the only possible course. Actual invasion may well not be immediately in prospect, but in these days when naked force alone counts with certain dictators the United States cannot afford the luxury of vulnerability. Sitka, Alaska, and Seattle, Washington, are only 800 miles apart.

Another phase of the Alaskan problem, however, has apparently dropped out of public notice. There is little if any talk of colonization. The need for undeveloped lands for refugees is as pressing as ever, if it is not even greater. The possibilities of employing Alaska's vast resources tend to increase as economic war and political fiat curtail the supply of essential raw materials. Metals such as chromite, copper, nickel, iron, tungsten and zinc, vast stores of lumber, untapped water power and reservoirs of oil there await the enterprise that will convert them to human use. That is one reason why Alaska is so tempting a prize and the fact that it is so largely uninhabited makes it particularly vulnerable. With air forces an increasingly powerful factor, how much defense can be reasonably expected from a few widely scattered fortified outposts? In fact, when so many million human creatures are in want, is it not a good question whether any nation that fails to develop for mankind's benefit the vast riches it holds does not thereby forfeit its title to them. From any angle the colonization and development

of Alaska would seem to be a duty which cannot much longer be neglected by the United States.

Auto Workers Convene at St. Louis

CHARGES leveled against labor organizations too often ignore the fact that many unions are of very recent origin. The CIO itself, parent of new and aggressive industrial unions in many fields, is only five years old. There are, of course, plenty of veteran organ-

Coming
of Age

izers and all too many experienced union agents who have made a good thing of their status or used their office to further stalinist and other disintegrating policies. But the rank and file are still largely uneducated in union matters. Hence the growing importance of such movements as the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, that holds its first national convention at Cleveland over the Labor Day weekend. At St. Louis the auto workers continued to go on record on rather extraneous matters: they emphatically endorsed the Roosevelt third term. In common with many other unions these days they condemned Russia along with Germany, Italy and Japan; but later, coming closer to home, refused to bar anyone from membership or office unless he was definitely affiliated with some organization labeled illegal by the government. Unanimous in opposing peacetime conscription as inimical to the cause of labor, the convention also came out against the registration of aliens. The UAW's prospects of organizing Ford workers are generally held quite slim, but the union's other ambitions in the aviation and farm machinery industries appear more feasible. The plan of leaving the \$1 assessment for this organization campaign to rank-and-file referendum is a good development as is also the housing committee, to work out a union membership housing policy in collaboration with the Construction Workers Organizing Committee.

There are greater signs of maturity of the UAW in the auto industry itself. The union's relation with General Motors, particularly, have in the past year developed in the most constructive direction. The machinery set up for handling workers' grievances has been so effective in the past three months that it is now held out as a model plan. At the moment sit-down strikes, slowdown strikes and unauthorized wild-cat strikes seem to be a thing of the past. The G.M. workers belong to "disciplined" unions with nearly 90 percent of the employees paying dues. Relations between Chrysler and the UAW also tend to become more stable and constructive. This is a genuine achievement for a union which a year and a half ago was so gravely torn by factional strife. It is also a victory for enlightened management. One more indication that peace with justice in labor relations depends on both labor and management.

The NLRB Is Right

NAIVELY mistaking his voice for that of Congress, Representative Smith, that brave paladin of *laissez-faire*, assumed last week an air of surprised innocence and an accent of honest indignation and denounced the National Labor Relations Board, saying that it evaded the "plain mandate of Congress" because it had organized a "technical service" division. According to board member and critic Leiserson and chairman Madden, such a division is invaluable and necessary for the proper and complete functioning of the NLRB. The NLRA clearly gives the board the right to create the division, and until that act is amended so as to eliminate the right the board is on firm ground. Representative Smith has yet to learn that it is through laws duly enacted and not by his voice that Congress makes plain its mandate. But his fulmination is a sign that the anti-labor wave is mounting and with ceaseless monotony beating against the protective wall built by the New Deal. Now as never before, as we are passing from a peace to a munition-and-war economy, does labor need such protection as the NLRB can afford. Only through such agencies can we be sure that the anti-labor wave will not engulf and destroy the achievements of American trade unionism.

The Breton Separatists

THE EXECUTION of plans for a federated Germany made in prevision of an Allied victory have been postponed and we are hearing instead a new emphasis on French regionalism. Before the war there was some picturesque and ineffective talk of Breton separatism. Such an idea, though unreal, may have appealed to German policy, just as separatism in the Rhineland appealed to the French, and the Germans were said to have attempted to encourage the Breton movement. Now they are in a position to impose its realization and divide Brittany from the body of France. That they are considering doing so would seem likely in view of a dispatch which quotes Bishop Dupard of Quimper as stating that no Breton has ever been a traitor to France. Characteristically combining archeology with realism, the Germans are said to meditate the creation of a Celtic Fringe, running from Brittany through Wales and Ireland to Scotland, which, with its presumed antagonism to the French and English will contain these peoples from the West. Dreaming of Tristan, Hitler seeks a native Melot, but as often is the case, German opera will probably be sung mainly by Germans. For the units of a valid regionalism cannot be invented where they do not exist.

New England Did It Once

Ironically enough, America's vacationland holds a clue for the strengthening of democracy.

By Edward Skillin, Jr.

VIEWED from inside the battered porch railing of a summer hotel, the world is an extremely simple place. For a fortnight at any rate the basic problems of food and shelter are presumably settled. What difficulties there are vary from the primary ones of rain or fog, quite beyond control, to such annoyances as rusty water in the bathtub which can be compensated by indignant protest at the desk. Now and then the beef is tough, the pie is soggy. During unusual showers or sometimes in the evening there is a hectic search for a fourth at bridge, at others for an excuse to escape too lengthy a detailing of dreary hospital experiences. Hotel orchestras (when they have them) often seem to play too lamely or too loud. Mosquitoes and flies hover about between bites waiting to be wafted seaward by the off-shore breeze that never comes. Considerations such as these and the importance of getting to breakfast before the dining room doors close are leading items of concern in many an American's traditional two weeks of recreation and refreshment. Successful vacations do indeed provide a real escape from the year-long workaday round and from everyday anxieties.

None the less, a vacation or a sojourn at a hotel or guest house is not necessarily a sort of mental holiday. There is always a chance of a surprise encounter with a good book or a stimulating conversationalist or, on rare occasions, the beginning of a lasting friendship. And despite the small talk that plays so large a part in idly whiling away vacation hours, the summer community itself may throw things into a new focus. Insight into the lives of local storekeepers, farmers, woodsmen or fishermen can contribute materially to understanding the land in which we live. Something more than small talk and renewed health is often a by-product of vacationing in a sector of our country as richly historic as New England.

There is nothing particularly new to me in the picturesque New England town. Five years of preparatory and undergraduate life there had familiarized me with that. But as we drove this summer through town after town in Connecticut and Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, communities with broad, shaded village greens, trim white spires and tapering clock towers, historic churches and meeting houses, I could

not help comparing these local settings with their counterparts in the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western States where the center of Main Street is a cluster of nondescript buildings, of cut-rate drug stores, movie theaters, chain grocery and variety stores. The ugliness that Chesterton spied from his train window over here is unhappily not confined to the other side of the tracks. And the contrast is equally marked between the trim white New England colonial-type home and the formless, crazy-quilt product of speculative building in other sections.

Why is there such a contrast between many towns of comparable size in New England and in other parts of the country? It seems to me that the Pilgrims and other forefathers must in the first place have set out each town and village according to a determined plan, a plan which the elders and other citizens worked out, and a plan which awarded leading places to church, town common and town meeting house. In contrast, the American small town or budding city of later origin just grew up like Topsy or resulted from individualistic speculation in real estate. Each of the hundreds of beautiful New England towns is a community achievement, the result of intelligent social action many years ago. It did not just happen.

New England is still the educational center of the country for much the same reason. The school as our forebears conceived it was not only a vehicle for acquiring such basic tools as the three R's. It was intended primarily for transmitting a definite body of knowledge—evangelical Christianity of various sorts and the liberal arts or humanities. This concern for the liberal arts is evidenced today by the fact that the public library in so many of these communities has for years been known as the Athenaeum. Private funds made possible the establishing and maintenance of schools until the latter part of the nineteenth century; until then education was provided by direct community action. We have only a remnant of this personal concern in the matter today, in local boards of education whose controversies sometimes reach the daily press. The body of truth the Puritans and others wished to be transmitted has also been further watered down, and in many states the citizen's financial contribution to public education

is indirect. Most fathers and mothers do little if anything to influence the direction of the schools that educate their children.

The lack of activity, personal responsibility, conscious planning which characterizes the political outlook of Americans today sharply contrasts with the early days of the Republic. The New England town meeting, for example, was—and is—perhaps the closest approximation to true democracy that the world has ever seen. Every man had his say, everyone accepted the responsibility of taking part in the deliberations which have made New England institutions without a peer in this United States.

Pork barrel democracy

Perhaps the best symbols of the lethargic state into which American democracy has fallen are the new local post offices that dot the land. In thousands of localities this building is the only one which seriously attempts to embody local traditions. As a consequence it is often as prominent as the proverbial sore thumb. Furthermore this frequently unnecessary gift of federal largesse shows that the community's representative in Washington has been at work. He has seen to it that the locality gets its share of what the national administration is dishing out. That is supposed to indicate that Congressman Jones is looking out for local interests, the well-being of his constituents. What a gulf between this Santa Claus conception and the constructive community action so characteristic of the vital, earlier era of American democracy!

This is to me the most discouraging feature of the current presidential campaign—far more disheartening than the empty platitudes of Philadelphia and Chicago. Or even the leading rôle played by the Hague and Kelly machines in the proceedings at Chicago—to say the least, a curious means to employ in pursuit of noble social ideals. So many of my acquaintances seem to believe that if they can elect Willkie to change conditions for them, the unsolved international and economic problems will soon be righted. The morning after the popular utility executive's nomination, I had more than one elated report of a new feeling of hope in the air, a firmer step and a new light in the eye of everyone encountered, even the lowest paid workers. And this pathetically naïve belief that, if the right man is elected president, American democracy will reassert itself is not by any means confined to the opponents of Mr. Roosevelt. Yet the country's interest in politics is at its height during these presidential contests. Political education on a nation-wide scale is for the moment possible. The citizens will listen; may the candidates rise to their responsibilities and make the most of this opportunity to discuss the issues before a receptive nation.

Popular Front democracy

Up to a year ago much of the current talk about the cause of democracy seemed rather footless. Any conception of collective security on a democratic basis which included Stalinist Russia was all too unreal. And I could not put aside my doubts concerning the leadership of such propagandistic organizations as the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, although I see today that they may have been supporting more truly than they knew whatever defense there was against a totalitarian domination of Europe. It was in Spain that Hitler and Mussolini took the first steps in their intended subjugation of Europe; Spain was also the proving ground for their new methods of offense. This is not necessarily to say that nazi doctrine is more inimical to human liberty than communism; it means that barring a long war of exhaustion the real threat to human liberty in Europe is Hitler not Stalin, the powerful nazis rather than the inefficient and industrially backward Soviets. But at the time I found I could not rally to what appeared to be such spurious pleas for democracy.

Then there was the case of England, that nation which is now girding itself so valiantly to stem the nazi tide. One thing Hilaire Belloc has been saying for years with which I heartily agree is that England is not a democracy but an oligarchy; it is not ruled by the masses but by the classes. Englishmen of every walk of life seem as class-conscious as they come. This was not true of France, where the ideals of 1789 had permeated the mind of the whole people; I could soon sense this on a French boat or as soon as I had set foot in France. But even in this democratic climate the inequalities resulting from *laissez faire* capitalism sharply curtailed the liberties of peasants and factory-workers. The rich in France sought seclusion as assiduously as American captains of industry seek publicity, but they were millionaires and inordinately powerful none the less. Finally there were the subject peoples of the British and French colonial empires who obscured the claims to democracy, although the French again mingled more democratically with native populations than their English contemporaries.

The assumption that even the United States was a genuine democracy seemed to me not without its difficulties. When I thought of the status of 12,000,000 American Negroes, of 10,000,000 unemployed, of the 4,000,000 sharecroppers or migratory farm workers, of the millions in rural and city slums, it seemed to me that a country in which so large a proportion of the population has not achieved the means to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" had no clear title to the name democracy. There was therefore some reason for skepticism about the sacred cause of the democracies, some reason for eying rather critically the

blind assumption that foreign adventures were the way to preserve our full-fledged democracy here.

Democracy in 1940

The Hitler-Stalin pact destroyed the last American illusions as to the democratic nature of Soviet Russia. The Hitler military victories have produced an authoritarian France, as far as one can gather from meager and censored dispatches. England has gone totalitarian for the duration of the war as a measure of self-defense. Only the United States and the British Dominions retain even political democracy today. Whatever degree of democracy has been attained, whatever human liberties have been assured by centuries of painfully building up democratic institutions are now in the gravest jeopardy. A Nazi military victory over Britain will mean at the very least an attempt to subjugate the entire globe to the German national economy. This more than any other is the time for intelligent propaganda and vigorous action to develop and preserve American democracy.

There will be plenty of talk on the subject, as I have intimated above, during the coming presidential campaign. The American people have an unparalleled opportunity for political education just when they need it most. But campaign oratory even if faithfully followed by the populace is only a small part of the answer. It is, alas, comparatively simple to lament the good old days, to point out what is wrong. The difficulty is to prescribe the remedies. There is no one thing that will revivify our democracy, no one thing that will restore its pristine vigor. But a number of things can be done.

First of all the American people must be awakened to our peril. They must be made to realize how precious personally and socially are those liberties of worship, expression, assembly now denied to so many peoples in various quarters of the globe. Various means must be found—the movies would be an excellent vehicle—for presenting graphically what it means personally to be forcibly deprived of these basic rights of free speech, freedom of worship, freedom of assembly, the right to call your soul your own. To think that in times like these we still for the most part take these hard-won human liberties for granted!

Democracy implies social action

Then we must rouse ourselves to defend and develop these liberties against domestic and foreign opposition. We can start with the institutions that we have. The town meeting, for example, which still exists in many localities throughout the whole country, can again play an important rôle in the country's political life if the greater part of the citizens begin once more to take an active part in local deliberations. Local Red Cross committees which have for the past few

months quietly and efficiently taken on the responsibility of supplying the war-sufferers with food, clothing, bandages would welcome more active personal support. The numbers taking in English children and other refugees can materially increase and America can become a real haven for non-combatants whose lives and liberties are threatened. One of the encouraging signs of the times is the way personal initiative is taking hold in these matters. The funds that can be raised, the foodstuffs and protective clothing that can be supplied in these times of need by individuals working together is producing a new realization of what democratic action really means.

One reason that consumer cooperation appeals to me so strongly is that it so convincingly demonstrates to those who participate what people can do if they begin working together intelligently. This is particularly true of the credit union, which as I recall it, Bishop O'Hara of Kansas City, among others, believes should be established in every parish in the country. Once a group of people of modest means have found what they can do in supplying the money that they need by working together, they have set their feet on a path that leads to greater and greater constructive social accomplishment. The credit union is the foundation stone of economic self-help, but another early step in the process is the formation of buying clubs, whereby a few families make the most of their joint purchasing power by pooling their buying of various household necessities. This is much simpler than the co-operative retail grocery store, which is a more mature development. The educational possibilities of study clubs preliminary to cooperative ventures make this type of activity doubly fruitful in revivifying our democracy. American farmers have had great success in buying cooperatively such essentials as feed, fuel and fertilizer, seeds and farm machinery. This points to one of the principal means of rebuilding American democracy: vocational action.

If the rank and file in labor unions leave control in the hands of communists and racketeers, if farmers leave everything up to a beneficent Department of Agriculture, if employers act singly as individuals, the resulting national economic set-up is anything but democratic. Vocational grouping is a necessary preliminary to the gradual transformation of industry into a more democratic set-up. Sharing in ownership and management makes for class cooperation instead of class conflict. And the eradication of the rural and industrial social evils noted above must come if we are to have a real American democracy. The Quakers working among coal miners in eastern distress areas are demonstrating today how effectively this can be done by non-governmental means.

The Pilgrim fathers indeed landed on a stern and rockbound coast. They established settlements in the face of impenetrable obstacles. They tilled the rocky soil and cleared the wilderness and established a group of states which for enterprise, beauty and cultivation are unique. Courage, energy, initiative, cooperation for the common

good, a common outlook on life, were the marks of pioneering in New England; they are the qualities most needed to revivify America today. Without them the dynamism of the nazis will ultimately prevail. Americans who tranquilly sit back in imaginary security over our geography, rearming and conscription, do so at their peril.

At the Catholic University of America 1898—1902

The second and last installment of an excerpt from a famous prelate's autobiography.

By John A. Ryan

NOVEMBER, 1900, saw the appearance of my first magazine article. It was published in the *Catholic World* and entitled "A Country Without Strikes," being a review of the book written under the same title by Henry Demarest Lloyd. My article presented the main provisions of the compulsory arbitration law which New Zealand had enacted in 1894; described its successful operation up to 1900, when Lloyd's book was published; noted the specific benefits which the new legislation brought to women workers and the fairness of its administration; defended its morality as against freedom of contract; pointed out the superiority of industrial settlement by arbitration instead of by strike as a method of bringing justice to both parties; emphasized the lack of equal bargaining power between employer and employee; praised the enforcement of the minimum wage principle in the administration of the law and the decisions of the arbitration courts and pronounced the enactment a "splendid success."

Three matters in this article deserve brief comment in view of positions that I have taken subsequently. The first is the defense of state interference with freedom of contract. On this topic, I said:

The right to contract freely is therefore, like every other right, limited. . . . Suppose that the state finds that one of the parties is insisting upon an unreasonable freedom of contract, upon a conception of his individual liberty that encroaches upon the individual liberty and rights of others, and suppose that the party whose rights are being violated by such insistence is the public, the state itself—is the state powerless to defend its own rights? Certainly it is not. For instance, if the community is put to great inconvenience by a strike, the state has surely the right to interfere, and even compel the disputants to accept the decision of a disinterested arbiter. This interference will, indeed, be a limitation of the right of free contract;

it will prevent both sides, perhaps, from entering the precise contract desired by each—but the right of free contract is, as a matter of fact, a limited right. Neither employer nor employees live unto themselves; they have obligations to the community. And the community has a right to insist on the fulfillment of these obligations. . . .

The whole argument for an unlimited right of free contract is based on a false assumption, the assumption that in all agreements between labor and capital the contract is really free. As a matter of fact whenever an employer, relying on an overstocked labor market, forces his men to accede to his terms, the name free contract is a misnomer. There can be no freedom of contract between laborers who must work today or starve and a capitalist who may pay the wages demanded or wait until hunger compels the men to submit. And, as the labor market is overstocked the greater part of the time, the employer's plea for non-interference and freedom of contract is in reality a demand that he be allowed to use his economic advantage to force his men into a contract that on their side is not free in any adequate sense of that word. I use the words "economic advantage" advisedly, for most political economists, I think, agree that the capitalist does possess an advantage over the laborer in the economic struggle.

Secondly, I wish to present the statements that I made on the minimum wage for labor and fair profits for the employer:

The fixing of wages by compulsory arbitration includes, as a matter of course, the fixing of a minimum wage. Such has been the invariable rule of the New Zealand Court of Arbitration. This recognition of the minimum wage by public law is in itself a great advance toward the reign of justice in the world of industry. It means that the state pronounces unlimited competition immoral; for it fixes a limit below which the laborer's wage may not be forced. This policy is indeed contrary to the principles of that antiquated political economy of which I spoke above, but it is in agreement with the principles of sound morality. . . .

The New Zealand law does more than recognize the right of the laborer to a minimum wage. It authorizes the court to award fair profits to the employer, thus assuming that there is such a thing as excessive profits. Indeed, the whole difficulty that is expressed in the phrases, "the labor question" and "the social question," may be

summed up in one sentence: "Capital gets too large a share of the wealth that it helps to create." The history of the New Zealand Court of Arbitration shows that in most of the disputes it has acknowledged this complaint to be true. Hence it has not hesitated to lower profits and raise wages where the conditions seemed to justify this course.

My third observation is to the effect that in later years, I gradually reversed the central position taken in this article and adopted the view that compulsory arbitration is not generally feasible or desirable. In an article published in the *Dearborn Independent*, April 29, 1922, I criticized the industrial court of Kansas, which had powers of compulsory arbitration for the adjudication of industrial disputes, on the ground that this tribunal was not provided with legal standards or principles to guide it in making its decisions. In other words, it lacked an industrial code. The only guidance which the court had from the enabling act was the requirement that it should "award fair and reasonable wages to labor and a fair return to capital." It left the interpretation and application of these concepts to the ethical intuitions of the court.

As I look at the situation now, I believe that even if equipped with a comprehensive and fair industrial code, such, for example, as that recommended for the coal industry by Senator Kenyon almost twenty years ago, no arbitration board or court should have the final power of legally compelling the disputants to accept its findings. Organized labor unanimously rejects the proposal and probably the great majority of employers take the same attitude. This is a practical objection which, in the United States at any rate, renders compulsory arbitration impracticable.

Moreover it is unnecessary. No major strike has occurred on our railroads since the enactment of the Railroad Mediation Act about fifteen years ago, for the simple reason that the law provides so many preliminary and intermediate processes that before a strike or lockout becomes really imminent, the decision of the mediating board is accepted by both parties. The provisions of this Act are practically far superior to complete compulsory arbitration.

The only other lengthy contribution that I made to a magazine besides the one on compulsory arbitration during my stay at the University as a student was in the form of a review of a book by Professor W. W. Willoughby entitled "Social Justice." The principal conclusions drawn in the review were that the book's formulation and application of the principles of justice and economic problems were faulty because they were built upon an unsound ethical basis; that Willoughby's supreme principle of distributive justice was too general and vague and meager to furnish much positive guidance; that in this respect his work was greatly inferior to that done in the same field by the Schoolmen and some of their modern inter-

preters and that the book commits several grave historical errors in the fields of both political and ethical thought.

Doctoral thesis

During the first three decades of the University's existence, a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Theology was required to spend four years "in residence." That is, he was obliged to follow lectures in his major subject for that length of time. The second prerequisite was submission to an oral examination which lasted six hours and covered the whole field of the sacred sciences. The third and most exacting condition was the production of an original work of scientific merit and respectable length.

In October, 1900, I selected with the approval of my academic superiors as the subject of my doctrinal dissertation "A Living Wage: Its Ethical and Economic Aspects." The suggestion of this subject came to me from the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on "The Condition of Labor," particularly from that famous passage which reads as follows:

Let it be granted, then, that, as a rule, workman and employer should make free agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages; nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice.

As the explanatory part of the title implies, the dissertation involved a great deal of economic study and investigation. When the work was finished I had a much wider knowledge of economic theory and practice than I had possessed at its inception. As an illustration of the purely economic study which went into the making of the volume, I cite the contentious and fruitful topic of "value." On that subject, I must have read more than five thousand printed pages in the productions of economists of every school. I spent such a great amount of time and thought on this topic because I assumed for a time that economic value had an essential relation to ethical value or just price. As a matter of fact, the two concepts differ completely from each other and rest upon entirely different foundations. The economic value of a commodity or its exchange value, may sometimes be identical with its ethical value or just price. But the manner in which the former is determined throws no light upon the problem of determining the latter. This statement applies likewise to the relation between the market value and the ethical value or just price of labor. Theories of economic value do not enable us to know the ethical value of labor in terms of price; nor do they give us adequate information con-

cerning the moral responsibility of the employer, the consumer or the state for unjustly low wages; nor do they tell us how to bring about a régime of just wages. A theory of value, whether it be cost-of-production, marginal utility, or any other, is merely an attempt to explain why a commodity has its present value in an economic system ruled by competition. It is merely a description of the factors, economic, psychological and other, which cause present economic values to be what they are. It is an attempt to account for what *is*, not a declaration of what *ought to be*.

Therefore, I derived no direct help in the task of writing the dissertation from my study of the various theories of value. As I recall, my final disillusionment on this score occurred when I read these words of Boehm-Bawerk: "The law of price may be correctly though less expressly and unambiguously formulated in terms of supply and demand." Since price, at least market price, is merely the monetary expression of economic value, the words just quoted apply to the latter as well as to the former. I found that when dealing with the unjustly low wages which were due to competition the economic conditions of the problem could be stated much more clearly and conveniently in terms of supply and demand than in terms of any theory of value. So far as the relevant ethical judgments depend upon economic factors, they involve mainly the problem of changing the existing relations between supply and demand through labor unions, concerted action by employers or the intervention of the state. To the formulation of such ethical judgments and conclusions, theories of value are irrelevant.

The ground covered

Sterile as I found theories of value for the purposes of the dissertation, the time that I spent upon them was not entirely wasted. It provided a means of mental discipline and an introduction to the method, spirit and limitations of economic theory in general. As mental discipline, the study of theories of economic value is at least as useful as the legendary researches and discussions of medieval philosophers concerning the number of angels who could simultaneously and comfortably stand on the point of a needle.

Some idea of the ground covered and the method followed in writing the dissertation may be obtained from the titles of the four sections into which the work was divided. Each section was sub-divided into several chapters: Section I, "Introductory and Historical"; Section II, "The Basis, Nature, and Content of the Right to a Living Wage"; Section III, "Economic Facts by Which the Right Is Conditioned"; Section IV, "The Obligations Corresponding to the Right."

On the basis of length of residence I was entitled to receive the doctor's degree in June, 1902, but I could not then fulfil the other two conditions.

I was not prepared to pass the final examination nor had I put the finishing touches upon the dissertation. When I requested from my Archbishop permission to spend a fifth year at the University in order to supply these deficiencies, he demurred, expressing the opinion that it was time for me to "come home and go to work." While I was considerably disappointed over this decision, I realized that it was entirely reasonable. Later on I had occasion to look back upon it with feelings of positive complacency.

When I bade final farewell to the Catholic University as a student in June, 1902, I took with me nothing but pleasant recollections. Intellectually and scholastically, I had obtained greater benefits from the years that I spent under the roof of Caldwell Hall than I had thought possible when I had first crossed its threshold. The advantages of the access to the Library of Congress and of hearing the debates of Congress itself, were very great and very evident. One speech that I heard in the Senate is still vivid in my memory. It was delivered by Charles A. Towne, who, for a few months, was a Senator from my own state. In this address, Senator Towne opposed the ratification of the peace treaty ending the Spanish-American war, because he was not in favor of American acquisition of the Philippine Islands. Although he read his speech and took three hours in its delivery, all but a half a dozen of the occupants of the Senate gallery, several of them standing, remained in their places until he had finished. It was a great triumph for an oration that was constructed on the classical rather than on the modern model.

At that time, Senators were chosen by the state legislatures instead of by the popular vote, but I do not think that the general average of the body was any higher than it is now, either in ability or patriotism, and it was much lower in its comprehension of economic issues and its views on social justice.

As I look back upon those four years, I am certain that they were the happiest of my entire life. The city of Washington I left with regret and I never ceased during the following thirteen years to desire and hope to return. Then, as now, I thought that the capital of our country is the most attractive and beautiful city in America.

Fifth Century Air Defence

By EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT

THE fifth century had neither arc lights nor kerosene lamps nor even many candles. We call it "dark," and so it was, from the purely ocular standpoint, but it had one form of illumination

which is not so widespread today and that is halos. A century that knew Augustine, John Chrysostom and Jerome and had vivid recollection of Basil, the Gregorians and Ambrose had strong spiritual incandescence. The world then had more sharply drawn lines of faith and incredulity. There were not the large areas of indifference which we blandly call tolerance. There were heresies, indeed, of which the most formidable was Arianism, but the Arians were also devout. The most fearful pagan menace to Christianity was the Huns, who had no prejudice against Christians as Christians, but were simple sensualists who were even capable, like animals, of recognizing human goodness without it arousing in them the resentment that it does in consciously wicked men. "For nineteen years," says Hodgkin, "the sullen might of Attila lay like a thunder cloud over Europe."

In 451 the cloud broke, and an army of half a million men crossed the Rhine. Nor were they all Huns. From the Volga, the Ukraine and the Baltic marched wild men from the snows; from Pomerania they came with Franks from the Neckar, Thuringians from Bavaria, Burgundians from the Vistula. There were even Ostrogothic giants led by three towering, fairhaired brothers. The richest countryside was bare and desolate after their passage. When they sacked a city, the younger men were either rounded up and shot down by the archers or taken into slavery with the fairest women while the elders were left to starve among the ruins. In the panic that fell upon the Roman province of Gaul, where Latin culture and Christianity were now indigenous, the bitter feud between Rome and the Visigoths was forgotten in the common peril, and Theodosius, Visigothic Emperor, left his capital of Toulouse to join the Roman eagles as they were led over Mont Cenis by Aetius, the great general of the Empress Regent, Galla Placidia.

They were none too soon. Metz lay in ashes; Nicasius, Bishop of Rheims, perished in front of the altar. Cologne, Trèves, Cambrai, Arras, Amiens, Beauvais had already been sacked when the leading citizens of a small town on the Seine decided their last hope was to join the band of refugees whose disorganized flight usually ended in slow death by starvation. A general exodus was being planned when the leading citizens discovered that public opinion had been completely reversed by a little orphan shepherdess who was now a virgin consecrated to the Church. They were all for throwing the girl in the Seine, but the Bishop, Germain of Auxerre, interposed. He declared that what Geneviève said about the angels being all around them was perfectly true, and that it is wisdom to listen to the pure in heart, for they live very close to God. The womenfolk, who hate to leave their homes, decided that Gene-

viève and the Bishop were right. The inhabitants of Lutetia remained and for some reason, known to the angels, Attila did not approach the Seine. Paris was saved.

Orleans

Orléans was next in the invaders' path. The Bishop, St. Anianus, had already visited Aetius at Arles and had warned him that although Orléans was an ancient fortified camp, Aureliani, he could not hope to hold it beyond June 24. Then he hurried back to encourage his flock as the vanguard of the great horde gathered by the Loire. Orléans defied the summons to open her gates but the days dragged on and doom threatened it unless relief could come. By June 24 there were ugly cracks in the walls. Despair was making the defenders numb. Only Anianus was calm. He assembled those of his congregation who were not on duty in the church.

"See if God's mercy yet succors us," said he, as he sent a deacon to the ramparts for news.

Only the enemy were to be seen.

"Pray in good faith," repeated the Bishop, "the Lord will liberate us today." Once again he despatched a messenger who, like Sister Anne, as dolefully returned.

"Pray," repeated Anianus, "God has not forgotten us."

The sobs of the women filled the church. At the close more than one rushed to the walls. Nothing in sight . . . no . . . what is that far off to the south? A cloud? Dust? Look! The dust is advancing. Do you see that glint? It's the sun striking the insignia of Rome! As news arrived of the Roman advance, the Huns withdrew. Orléans was saved. Then it was the turn of Troyes.

Troyes

Troyes was an open city with no means of defense—at any rate no defense recognized by military authorities, although Troyes had for Bishop another saint. His name was Lupus, an old man of seventy but brave enough to waylay Attila along the route to demand the safety of Troyes. No chronicler states what passed between them, the saint and the savage, but very likely the Wolf of Gubbio could explain the scene. The outcome was that Attila not only agreed to spare Troyes but insisted that Lupus accompany him as far as the Rhine, not as a captive but as a friend.

In "Verdun," Romaines describes a small community called Baconne whose people are supposedly the descendants of some Hunnish deserters from the battlefield near Chalons where 300,000 fell, together with the Emperor of the Visigoths. The Huns were routed but Aetius failed to follow up his victory and allowed Attila and his army to escape. It has always puzzled historians who forget that Attila had taken the precaution to

travel with a saint! One may add he kept his promise faithfully to send Bishop Lupus back to Troyes from the Rhine.

The Huns returned to the Hungarian prairies, but the next year Attila came with the spring through the Julian Alps and surrounded Aquileia, the Queen City of the Adriatic. Near our modern Trieste, Aquileia had been for six hundred years the seat of exchange between northern barbarism and civilization. Slaves and hides, Baltic amber and shaggy cattle came to her from across the Alps to reload the ships that brought her cargoes of fine linens and wines, gold and olive oil. Twice even Roman emperors had stormed her in vain when she defied Maximin and Julian. Besides her massive walls, Aquileia always had a garrison of picked troops. She had no saint, but she had no time to worry about halos as she was so very prosperous and so very strong. Even Attila admitted her strength and he was just about to lift the siege when he noticed the storks were calling their fledglings to leave the beleaguered town. It was the same augury to the landsman as rats to a sailor. The Hun drove his hordes back to the attack. The walls were breached and at least one Roman matron hurled herself down on the rocks to escape the horrors in store. Aquileia was to rise again in another place as Venice, but her own existence ceased. Three lesser seaports were also erased. Cowed to submission, Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, Bergamo, Milan opened their gates to the spoilers and their citizens to the slave trade.

Leo and Attila

Would Attila press on to Rome? Although Constantinople and Ravenna had stolen her imperial glories, Rome was Rome and even Attila hesitated when he remembered how quickly Alaric had died after his attacks on the sacred city. Should the Hun's Golden Boy jeopardize his success career? The answer came in the person of another saint when the Pope himself, Leo the Great, with a Roman embassy met Attila on the Lombard plain by the Mincio. The legend certified by Raphael is that not only the angels were the RAF of Leo but the holy apostles, Peter and Paul. Once more the savage bowed to sanctity and the Scourge of God admitted God's dominion.

"Who is he that will harm you if you be zealous of that which is good?" asks St. Peter. But zealous is a strong word. Parachute troops began with Lucifer and saints cannot be created to order. There is also a venomous difference between the primitive brutishness of fifth century Huns and the power of conscious, God-defying evil. If the Christian world had that same united front of enthusiasm that intoxicates the nazi, there would be no need for worry. There are still clouds of angelic wings for our protection if we can send the signal. All we need are the liaison officers.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

SOMEWHAT irreverently but not, perhaps, quite Sirrelevantly, an old jingle popped into my memory as I carefully read Colonel Lindbergh's most recent radio speech, advocating that the United States must "take the lead in offering a plan for peace" in Europe "if we want to keep America out of war," and that after peace has come the United States must help to maintain Western civilization, by cooperating with the strongest power in Europe, whether that power be Great Britain or nazi Germany. Colonel Lindbergh's tremendous prestige insures that real respect will be given to his opinions; nevertheless the jingle persisted as the most appropriate point of commentary on his proposals. It runs: "Mother, may I go out to swim?" "Yes, my darling daughter! Hang your clothes on the hickory tree—BUT don't go near the water!" For of course all Americans would desire their nation to bring a just peace to Europe and to cooperate with European nations to preserve true Western civilization; in other words, all decent Americans will agree with Colonel Lindbergh's ideas "in principle," as the diplomat's famous, or infamous, phrase runs; but the all-important matter of how these principles are to be carried out in practice is left by the Colonel up in the air, for he proposes no really concrete plan. He merely provides certain negative suggestions, together with certain positive ones, the net effect seeming to be that they cancel out, except for the most fundamental problem of all, namely, the practical manner in which our nation could "cooperate" with nazi Germany should the latter emerge from the present struggle as the dominant power in Europe.

While Colonel Lindbergh did not explicitly state that he expected nazi Germany to be dominant when peace comes, it is not unfair to draw that conclusion from his speech. In Europe, he testified, he saw "the phenomenal military strength of Germany growing like a giant at the side of an aged and complacent England. France was awake to her danger, but far too occupied with personal ambitions, industrial troubles and internal politics to make more than a feeble effort to rearm. In England there was organization without spirit. In France there was spirit without organization. In Germany there was both."

Undoubtedly what Colonel Lindbergh reports concerning the German situation is true. There was indeed gigantic organization effected in Germany, impelled and directed by a mighty spirit. But as to the nature of that spirit: whether it is evil or as good as the nazis claim it to be, Colonel Lindbergh is silent. No doubt he may consider that to form, or at least publicly to express, an opinion as to the nature of the nazi spirit, and whether it is really possible for our nation to cooperate with the agents of such a spirit, would be to "interfere in the internal affairs of a foreign nation," which our nation, the Colonel solemnly warns us, must never do. But evidently Colonel Lindbergh does not think the nazi spirit

a bad spirit, or at least he does not fear that we may not safely and indeed beneficently cooperate with its agents, both to end the war at once and then to maintain Western civilization in all the world. "We are often told," remarks Colonel Lindbergh, "that if Germany wins this war cooperation will be impossible and treaties no more than scraps of paper. I reply that cooperation is never impossible when there is sufficient gain on both sides and that treaties are seldom torn apart when they do not cover a weak nation."

That really seems the main point of the Colonel's argument. This nation must arm on a scale at least comparable to German armament. Then we would be one of the two great centers of Western civilization, Germany being the other. Smaller and weaker and defeated nations, obviously, can have no place in the sort of "Western civilization" envisaged for the future by Colonel Lindbergh, other than the place determined for them by the "dominant nation" in each hemisphere. That also must mean either a "cooperative" arrangement between Japan and Russia in the Orient, or else the conquest of one by the other of those two powers, possibly with assistance from the European "dominant center" of civilization, or from the United States, or both. In short what Colonel Lindbergh appears to believe in is precisely the philosophy of "geo-politics" which the state-kept "intellectuals" of Germany and fascist Italy have constructed as the basis for the race-mysticism of Hitler.

Perhaps Colonel Lindbergh, however, is really confused in his thinking and does not recognize the danger that his expression of it is clearly open to the implication that at bottom it is identical with the Nazi ideology, or at least dangerously akin to it. "I do not believe we will ever accept a philosophy of calamity, weakness and fear," the Colonel declared in ending his speech. "I have faith in an American army, an American navy, an American air force—and, most important of all, the American character which, in normal times, lies quietly beneath the surface of this nation." Well, there are many Americans, I think the majority of them, who would consider "cooperation" with Nazi Germany in the upholding of the sort of "Western civilization" prized by Nazi Germany as a calamity beyond adequate measurement, as a proof of moral weakness on the part of the American nation of really cataclysmic degree, and as a betrayal of the genuine spirit animating the character of the American nation. Colonel Lindbergh said in the Chicago speech that he holds a "different outlook toward Europe than most people in America." Obviously, that is true. He said that he was not speaking to win applause by confining his discussion "to popular concepts." He very truthfully added that he prefers to say what he believes or not speak at all, and that to the argument that a man seeking to influence public opinion should seek the line of mere popularity he could only say that it was "contrary to the values that I hold highest in life."

That being so, it is regrettable that Colonel Lindbergh did not explain why he thinks that "Western civilization" will be preserved under German dominance in Europe, should the war stop leaving Nazi Germany the undisputed victor of the war. What precisely is the colonel's con-

cept of the underlying values of Western civilization? Does he sincerely believe that the Nazi dominance of Europe, and of a large part of the rest of the world, would ensure, with American cooperation, the civilization based upon the teachings of Christianity which the Nazis seek to destroy? This is the fundamental question, and Colonel Lindbergh should deal with it sincerely.

Communications

WERE THEY WRONG?

Honesdale, Penna.

TO the Editors: Let me congratulate you on Gouverneur Paulding's article, "Were They Wrong" (July 26). This is the first intelligent analysis of the French situation that I have read and it is also the first one which shows an inner understanding of the French. It seems to me that there is in this country a widespread tendency to over-simplify the problem, because of a pragmatic attitude toward life. Unless one is able to realize the importance of speculative thinking in the life of France, appreciate its depth, its power and its effects in all walks of life, it will be almost impossible not to err basically in one's judgment of the French situation. Whatever the present confusion, we, in America, should not forget that there are powerful spiritual forces which even now are at work in France.

But their very thoroughness conditions them for slow action. Contrary to popular theory, French people are not impulsive. It is only after a long formation of thinking that the French act. So now that they have to meet the Nazi problem we should not expect them to deal with it overnight. But, whatever the apparent backslides or givings-up, we should trust them to face the problem fully, in the long run, *without escaping it*; that is, as Mr. Paulding says, with "spiritual and intellectual honesty."

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

THE WAR

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: "I can readily see," writes Mr. J. H. O'Hara (August 2) "that to a pro-British reader a statement of the full Monroe Doctrine would sound pro-German."

In the terms implied by Mr. O'Hara, would it not also be "pro-German" and anti-American?

When John Quincy Adams drafted his famous warning to the members of the Holy Alliance, notifying them that thenceforward this country would not countenance the acquisition of fresh territories in this hemisphere by any European power, he coupled with this warning the statement that we, for our part, would not interfere in the affairs of Europe. Was this second, and wholly ancillary statement, a "text" establishing for all time a sacred dogma of "isolationism"? This, perhaps, is what Mr. O'Hara imagines, but I do not think this notion is historically valid. All that Adams was here doing was throwing into equitable language his main thesis. You *may not* acquire fresh possessions in the Americas; we *will not* seek to acquire possessions in Europe.

From this policy we have never departed. Our intervention in Europe in 1917 may have been wise or foolish, justified or unjustified, it did not aim at or effect an acquisition of permanent territorial possessions in Europe, or elsewhere. Nor is anyone today urging that we infringe territorial rights in Europe or elsewhere. Why then does Mr. O'Hara think "a full statement" of the M.D. would sound "pro-German" to "a pro-British reader"? Because to him the M.D. is not a realistic policy framed to meet a specific menace; it is a species of self-denying ordinance so sacred that its main objective, frustration of European designs upon this hemisphere, is of no importance in comparison with this other aspect.

It can easily be shown that no folly of this kind possessed the men who helped to frame this document. It can easily be shown that had Mr. O'Hara been living in the 1820's, he would not have applied to these men the complimentary adjective he now applies of "isolationist," but rather the disparaging epithet, "pro-British," which he applies to living persons who think very much as these men did.

Here is what the "isolationist" Jefferson wrote to James Monroe, Oct. 24, 1823, in reply to Monroe's request for his opinion on the recent proposal of the British statesman, Canning, that America and Great Britain block the desire of the Holy Alliance to crush the newly-arisen Republics of South America:

"Great Britain is the nation who can do us the most harm of anyone, of all, on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. *With her then we should the most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our friendship than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause.*" (Italics supplied.) The cause, need it be said, was the cause of human freedom.

Of like tenor is the reply made by James Madison at the same moment advising full and open cooperation with Canning's policy because "with that cooperation we have nothing to fear from the rest of Europe; and with it the best reliance on success to our just and laudable views."

Formal explicit cooperation we did not enter upon, John Quincy Adams shrewdly arguing that what self-interest prompted Canning to broach, self-interest would prompt Great Britain to defend, to wit, the closing of this hemisphere to European schemes of aggrandizement. And so in the main it proved, although the existence of a silent partnership in this matter has largely eluded observation until it was called in question a few months ago by the military subjugation of Europe and the jeopardizing for the first time since Trafalgar of British supremacy in the Atlantic.

It is quite true, as noted by Mr. O'Hara, that American anglophobia has had other than Irish partisans. What is pertinent however is not the nature or existence of such rancors; it is their conformity or non-conformity with true national self-interest; their harmony or disharmony with reality.

It will not be "young Irish-Americans" alone who will be involved in "the less suave" consequences to be anticipated from the addition of British naval supremacy to the

other trophies acquired by Hitler; it will be all Americans, young or old, Irish, Lithuanian, or whatever.

G. R. GARRETT.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am a little disappointed in finding that the editorial policy of THE COMMONWEAL is becoming more pro-ally as time goes on. I should like to see it take a non-partisan attitude such as shown by *The Catholic Worker* and *America*.

The virtues of justice and charity have long been out of favor with all modern governments. When you speak of German ruthlessness, bear in mind the words of Lord Fisher, Chief of the British Admiralty (1911): "The Essence of War is Violence; Moderation in War is Imbecility."

Also it is a bit difficult to reconcile this "bring the children from England, for safety, to the United States" drive with the silence which prevailed when, for nearly half a year after the armistice was signed, the Allied fleet maintained the blockade of Germany, allowing millions of people to fall victims of malnutrition. That phrase, "starving German babies," was more than a phrase, we are reliably informed.

JOSEPH E. BELLER.

[Editors' Note: THE COMMONWEAL has always been opposed to fascism and to national socialism as well as to communism. This being the case, it would be inconsistent for us to take a strictly non-partisan attitude toward the present war. Our sympathy has naturally gone to the countries invaded by Germany and Russia. This does not mean that we do not recognize the validity of many criticisms directed against English imperialism or that we consider as negligible some of the claims Germany can bring against its enemies. It certainly does not mean that we are interventionists—that is another problem altogether. But on the face of it, we are bound to have greater sympathy for those who are, as we are, opposed to the totalitarian revolution than we have for the nations which are its embodiment.]

Might we also point out that THE COMMONWEAL did not exist at the time of the blockade of Germany, and hence could scarcely be criticized for not having protested against it.]

Essex, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Claire Huchet Bishop in her letter (July 26) goes to the heart of this war business. Is one allowed to use force when one's country is threatened or must one go in for passive resistance? I was faced with this question when I became an American citizen. They asked me would I defend this country? I rather fancied myself as a pacifist at that time; but I put the matter before myself in this blunt way: If strangers came to my house and attacked my children, what would I do? Well, I knew it would be a choice between a kettle of hot water, a heavy iron, a broom or the hose. At any rate, I knew there would be no passivity about it, so I was able to answer "yes" to the United States official. And I think it still boils down to this: not "Are you your-

self prepared to be a martyr?" for we all know that we would have to be, under certain circumstances, or we would lose our souls; but "How much would we feel justified in seeing our children suffer?"

Now to ask a nation to become a martyr seems to me perilously like tempting God. It is laying upon the shoulders of men the horrible choice of agonizing suffering on earth or eternal torment in Hell. The very fact that martyrdom is necessary under certain circumstances would make one hesitate to precipitate those circumstances.

Hitlerism is a disease. It is a fever which will work up anti-germs, no doubt. But it would be just as wrong to expose ourselves and our children to it in reliance on those anti-germs as it would be to expose oneself to some other deadly fever. There were many occasions in which Christ could have openly forbidden warfare, among others when he praised the centurion, but he never did. He forbade Peter to take up the sword when He was arrested at Gethsemane, but that was because He was a willing victim. He told us that those who took up the sword would perish by it and implied that an avenging sword would be there. I admit that war is not a pretty picture, it does not go with our idea of Christ, but come to think of it, the Cross was an ugly thing too. It was ugly on the human side, beautiful on God's side. God, Who told us not to fear those who can kill the body *did* give us terrible injunctions to guard the soul. And it does not seem to me consistent with guarding the soul to let Hitler walk off with the power of the world. It would tend to make virtue very, very hard.

If the world ever gets to the stage where passive resistance is possible, there will be no need for it any more. Among barbarians even the Crucifixion would have made no impression; that is probably why the coming of Christ had to be postponed so long. Christ has told us not to cast our pearls before swine.

H. M.

The Screen

Oh Say Can You

MARCH OF TIME now goes in for a little flag waving—and not just a "little" for this is really a full feature length's worth. "The Ramparts We Watch" is an allegory that attempts to solve the problems of today by looking at America's "brave little world" of 1914. Concentrating on one American community (New London, Connecticut, was chosen as Our Town because it still looks as it did during World War I), the story carries us from the days when its citizens suddenly awoke from their comfortable lethargy and became aware that what mattered most was the conflict in Europe, through those months of effort to keep us out of the war, through those sad days when we realized that "War was the only thing that the Germans understood" and sent thousands of men to France (one in every twenty to die), through the peace for which Wilson went abroad to help make a treaty (which is completely shattered in a forecast scene of some twenty years later when eleven nations fall before Germany), finally to 1919 when the citizens of our

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community drink a toast to future citizens—"May they always meet our crises so nobly and may they hold the ramparts till kingdom come."

This long, slow, rambling story is acted by the men and women of New London, who try to be natural before the camera, and by many non-professionals who are meant to give a factual air to the editor, congressman, students and citizens they portray but who succeed mainly in giving an exhibition of embarrassing amateur theatrics. The script, which lacks continuity and dramatic punch, is interspersed with propaganda and a confusion of ideas concerning the baseness of war, the inevitability of war, our power and desire to stay out of war. Producer-Director Louis de Rochemont's inability to clarify these ideas—except for the message that now America must mobilize its manpower and wealth—suggests that the picture has been tampered with and changed too many times during its eighteen-months-in-the-making. The most forceful and historically true passages are those derived from old news-reel shots which show parades, training camps, battle scenes and the big men of that period here and abroad. One almost expects Cagney, O'Brien or any of the Hollywood boys to appear in the war sequences. After watching the amateurs for an hour and a half, the acting of any of the professional film folk would be most welcome. If "The Ramparts" proves anything, it is that March of Time should stick to its excellent twenty-minute "shorts" and leave "features" to Hollywood.

The acting in "Daybreak" (French with English titles) indicates in a way what could have been done by the players in "The Ramparts." Like most of the French films shown here, it is superbly performed with complete lack of ostentation. Although its fine cast is led by Jean Gabin, not once is one aware of the acting as acting; its simple reality is so lifelike that one forgets that this is a movie. Unfortunately, in spite of Marcel Carne's good direction and the noteworthy performances, the story does not deserve this high praise. Jean Gabin kills a man and while he waits, ambushed in a garret by the police, he recalls the scenes that led to his crime. The camera moves smoothly between the present and the past but its progress is blocked by a too-talky script—not only in those realistic conversations up and down the strikingly photographed stairway, but more often in the characters' talking to explain their acts. And the past that is revealed, with its unhealthy sex implications between the innocent-sweet, flowerlike girl whom Gabin loves and the sinisterly sadistic, foul-minded elderly animal trainer, involves material that is too difficult for the cinema—just as Proust would be impossible in films. The slow, tantalizing nervousness built up by Gabin's pacing, when he is caught like an animal in a cage, is unusually effective. But the story's morbid futility destroys what merits "Daybreak" may have.

"The Great McGinty" is one of those intelligent, adult little films that one wants to shout about from the rooftops. It didn't cost a lot of money. It has no big-name stars. But it is a film that Hollywood can point to with pride when belittlers are being nasty about movies. Major credit should go to Preston Sturges for writing an original, fresh script with brilliant dialogue, and for directing

a compact picture that uses cinema's best short cuts, eliminates waste gestures and concessions to morons and offers thoughtful entertainment. Sturges's direction is also responsible for the fine performances of Brian Donlevy, Muriel Angelus, Akim Tamiroff and a good supporting cast. This is a fable for moderns, a political satire on corruption in this land of too great opportunity, about a bad man who was bad all the time except once. This tough lug through crookedness becomes alderman, mayor, governor. But one day, egged on by his secretary whom he had married, he realizes that poor people don't really want to be poor and he decides to do something about sweat shops, child labor, tenements. And that is his political downfall. But I must not tell you more. This is a film you should discover for yourself. Discover it.

"The Man I Married" is the strongest anti-nazi film made in this country. It is strong, because without minding words or messing up its action with too many sneering Gestapo, it goes ahead and says what it has to say about the nazi system, concentration camps, brutality and even about that "Master Magician who won't be satisfied until he has wiped the democracies off the earth." Its well-written dialogue, serving frequently as exposition, tells a simple story of an American art critic (Joan Bennett) who visits Germany in 1938 with her German husband (Francis Lederer), tries to discount all propaganda, but soon learns the worst and is completely disillusioned when her husband is swept into the Party. Although Irving Pichel has directed his cast exceedingly well and kept the sensationalism to a minimum, prepare for a stirred audience's hisses and boos—and one big laugh when after hearing much heiling, Joan tells off her husband with "Heil heel!"

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Four Novels

Late Harvest. Olive B. White. Macmillan. \$2.50.

ONE OF THE curious incongruities of history is that the savage intolerance of Elizabethan England has been consistently ignored. No less curious the fact that the answer lies partly in the long-suffering of the victims. Mr. John Felton, on the scaffold, left his diamond ring to his Queen for whom St. Edmund Campion offered his last prayer. So perished countless English gentlemen and gentlewomen too, patient and loyal to the end, nor does there remain any record of the suicides that are a phenomenon of nazi persecution, although the life of the Tudor recusant was in a mundane sense quite hopeless. Cecil was keen enough to strike at the leaders; he was, in a more decent way, the Goebbels of the government; his pursuivants and informers, the Gestapo; the Tower, the Brown House and the London prisons—especially the Marshalsea—the concentration camps. The Catholic country family might be said to represent for Cecil the non-Aryans. These gentry were fined two hundred and forty pounds per annum for each member of their household who did not attend the parish church; they faced imprisonment, torture and death every time they heard Mass; they were disqualified for the universities or any public office and at one time they could not move more than five miles from their homes.

Miss White shows how her hero, Hugh Wimbourne, after defending the coast with his own company against the Armada, was rewarded with fourteen years in the Tower. The story follows the career of Hugh's wife, Alice, who managed her husband's estate during his long duress and was finally forced into exile when a new law threatened state custody of her children. St. Edmund Campion enters the early part of the book, as do the Ardens, Shakespeare's kinfolk, whose tragedy the Countess de Chambrun has already brought to light. Alice's childhood was haunted by the strain of guarding against informers, hiding the visitant priests and arrest of her family and friends. Elizabethan country life is described with much felicity, but the tale would be a grim one were it not for the spiritual sweetness which sustains the characters. It must have been a direct gift from the Holy Ghost which preserved Catholics from the bitterness that persecution engendered in the Puritans. The book will be enlightening to readers of any faith who are interested in religious freedom. It must inevitably arouse the awe of Catholics, who enjoy—or could enjoy—unlimited spiritual richness, for those men and women and boys and girls who, without the benefit of sacraments, were eager to face the rack for a Mass and who guarded as their pitiful treasures a broken rosary or torn missal.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Gold for My Bride. Norman Collins. Harper. \$2.50.

UNUSUAL in "Gold for My Bride" are the deep sense of sin conveyed in the story and its strongly traditional form. Norman Collins's book is a remarkable technical achievement, because he manages to give a quite thrilling suspense to a story drawn from unpromising material—the London nonconformist, lower-middle shop-keeping class. The author not only finds a soul in this group, but a very convincing moral allegory as well. Yet in doing this, he loses none of the shabby gloom appropriate to the combined fundamentalism and penny-squeezing found in a class in which a fifteen-shillings-a-week clerk is referred to as a "young lady."

Can the soul of John Marco, the hero, be retrieved after his fall? Virtue is symbolized in the person of Mary Kent whom John Marco should have married. Apparently if he had done this, he might have lived happily and eventually have earned four pounds a week with an inviolable Amosite conscience. The sect is puritanical; the world in which he moves oppressively narrow. He sins. He is the only immediate witness to the death of an elder of the church and he subtracts £150 from the bag of money the old miser has left to his coreligionists. One person, however, knows of Marco's crime—rich Hesther Croome, niece of the deceased, unattractive but desiring love and a child. The stealing of the £150 intended to finance the Mary Kent wedding leads to John Marco's becoming a big business man, aided by the loving but hated Hesther who has blackmailed him into marriage. As the story unfolds, Hesther becomes a sinister symbol—a frustrated woman obeying "voices." The hero goes through a series of disillusioning adjustments with various women that never compensates for the loneliness that has resulted from the destruction of his genuine love.

The hero becomes rich though he is eventually left an ironic bankrupt. Materialism drugs but does not kill his soul, and deeper and deeper grows the realization that he has lost what is valuable in life. The quality of the writing makes us feel that this commonplace shopkeeper

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is indeed a very tragic figure. There is an abnormality about the characters of hidden festering emotions that reminds one somewhat of "Wuthering Heights." The allegory seems to show that to sacrifice the more comprehensive claims of life for the puritanism of business is a sort of final sin. "Then the sound of his own words, 'I don't mix religion with business,' came back to him. They did not sound like the words of one who had been an Amosite. . . ."

WILLIAM J. GRACE.

To The Indies. C. S. Forester. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

COLUMBUS'S third voyage is not by any means his most illustrious exploit. Based upon that reality this new novel by the author of "Captain Horatio Hornblower" could have been, however, a taut, thrilling narrative of adventurous excitement. Instead it is a romantic story of slack episodes. Don Narciso Rich, a man of law who becomes a man of action because "like a fool" he made a remark in jest that King Ferdinand took seriously, went out with Columbus to the Indies on that third voyage "to watch over the royal interests and to try to straighten out the legal muddles there." With realistic integrity he made a report "of the legal abuses in the island." That was official work, something he expected. What he did not expect was the plebeian position he was to take on the voyage, or the adventure that pursued him in the Indies. When he was on his way back to Spain his experiences in fortune and misfortune had for him "a hazy dreamlike quality." Most readers may agree readily with that impression.

Without discrediting Mr. Forester's remarkable talents, truth requires the remark that he has not realized fully the success of his ambitions with this novel. The explanation is not difficult. Even in disaster Columbus and his dreams are heroic. The Admiral is superb in courage, dauntless in the confidence of his destiny. This historic greatness of Columbus diminishes the make-believe of Don Narciso. There is, for instance, never any doubt about the outcome of Don Narciso's encounter with the alligator, or of the result of his rôle as navigator; even his liberal ideas fail to fuse into dramatic conflict with the accepted notions of the fifteenth-century minds about him. From the harrowing clutch of fate he will emerge too securely at ease and safe, always. This central character lacks an authentic aliveness. The Don never "commands" the action. Even "with chains upon his wrists" Columbus, old and feeble and stiff as he comes on board the *Vizcaya* for the long voyage home, arouses an attentive respect. He is the protagonist, not Don Narciso Rich. And this was hardly the author's intention. The novel has interest of a casual, comfortable sort; it lacks the compelling artistry of characterization in Forester's previous works.

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

Roscommon. Charles Allen Smart. Random. \$2.00.

MOST OF US indulge in Utopian thinking of our own at times. Consequently, we expect quite a lot of Charles Allen Smart's "Roscommon." For the same reason, it's a pleasant book as it gives a picture of optimal living within the realm of possibilities we can imagine.

"Roscommon" is a modern Utopia written about people of our generation. They are realistic, practical people with our idioms and fashions. They enjoy work and experience of all sorts. They do not feel they have a life expectancy of security and independence. Together a group of such human beings work out a community farm life in Ross

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County, Ohio. As described it sounds almost too perfect. They live together and yet not too much together. They find every phase of farm life meaningful and worth while. Out of their life they develop a system of education which they inculcate in the young. The descriptions of how they plan and run their community are realistic and fairly complete and therefore enjoyable.

The setting for the tale is the old homestead of Mr. Smart's near neighbor. Its owner has gone steadily downhill because of a succession of misfortunes. The farm community is only his dream. It is a pattern he has created in his mind to prove to himself what life on his ruined farm might have been.

Unfortunately for us who might be led on by such ideas, the inventor of the community gives it an endowment. Some of its members bring money in with them and there are mysterious gifts from outsiders.

Mr. Smart, the author of "R. F. D.," has built up his idea of the Good Life with care. The construction of "Roscommon" and the manner in which it is told are not particularly distinguished, prejudiced as one is by the imposing ancestors, Plato to Bellamy, of which this is a modest offspring.

MARGARET BYARD.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Elements of Lettering. John Howard Benson and Arthur Graham Carey. Newport, R. I.: John Stevens. \$3.00.

LAYMEN will rejoice at this well illustrated, beautifully printed book. It is not written in a mysterious mumbo-jumbo, but sincerely attempts to make lucid a wealth of accurate technical information which one has often despaired of finding anywhere explained in a fundamental manner. With the sensible explanations which it affords, a good handwriting is within the reach of all who would have it. I hope the book will find its way into the schools and influence the writing teachers of the younger generation. It is unfortunate that the chapter on carved lettering is not more extensive, as there is hardly anything extant on the subject and few people are as qualified as the authors to write about it. But that would probably have raised too much the price of the book, which is an amazing bargain for a fine product of Mr. Updike's Merrymount Press.

A. DE BETHUNE.

Organization of Courts. Roscoe Pound. Little, Brown. \$5.00.

DEAN POUND lays the ground work for the reorganization of state courts in this work. He thinks that our state judicial system should be reorganized so as to function with greater efficiency and expedition and with less expense to the litigant. He describes American state courts from colonial times to the present. "Organization of Courts" will be of interest to those who believe in the necessity of judiciary reform, especially to members of the school that holds that the personnel of the judicial department and the organization of its business should be the exclusive concern of the courts, free from the influence of the legislature.

J. C.

The Isle of a Hundred Harbors. Olive G. Gibson. Bruce Humphries. \$2.50.

A FOLSKY account of Cuban geography, history, culture and natural wonders by a "Yanqui" lady who has taught school there and loves it. Her point of view is Protestant, but sympathetic.

H. L. B.

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The Inner Forum

AFTER 34 years of educational work in this country, the Irish Christian Brothers will open their first college here, in New Rochelle, N. Y., this fall. The first unit of Iona College, the science building, was completed and dedicated last June. The New York State Board of Regents has approved the plans of the Irish Christian Brothers to inaugurate Iona College this fall. Its president, Brother William B. Cornelia, a native of Dublin, was educated at the Royal College of Science, the National University of Ireland and Columbia University.

The Irish Christian Brothers are a comparatively modern order. They were founded in 1802 by Edmund Ignatius Rice, a Waterford merchant, who decided to do what he could to ameliorate the misery and ignorance of the Catholic boys of his community. His Bishop, Most Reverend Dr. Hussey, and Bishop Moylan of Cork gave him every encouragement. In 1803 the citizens of Waterford built him and his companions in teaching their first monastery and other houses soon went up in other Irish communities. By 1818 two Irish Brothers' communities were established in Dublin. In 1820 the Holy See recognized the new community.

At present the motherhouse is Marino, Dublin. The principal Irish Brothers' schools are the North Monastery, Cork; the O'Connell School, Dublin (named after the Irish patriot). The order has spread to Newfoundland, Canada, Australia, England, New Zealand, South Africa, India and Rome. It has conducted several schools at Gibraltar, but at present these brothers are refugees in North Africa. It was at the Brothers' Monastery in Cork that Gerald Griffin, author of "The Collegians" and other works, spent his last years as an Irish Christian Brother.

The order undertakes to give various types of education including special instruction for the deaf and dumb. There is a strong emphasis, however, on physical and chemical sciences in their schools and the Brothers take great pride in their laboratory equipment. In many cases their schools and orphanages include workshops for manual training. It is a tradition of the order to give special attention and opportunities to talented boys who would otherwise be unable to pursue higher studies.

CONTRIBUTORS

Edward SKILLIN, Jr., is fresh back from his vacation in Maine.

Rt. Rev. John A. RYAN of the department of social action, NCWC, and author of many books and articles, completes a chapter of his autobiography.

Euphemia Van Rensselaer WYATT lectures, writes on play for the *Catholic World*, reviews books and contributes articles to current magazines.

William J. GRACE is a professor of English at Fordham University, New York.

Rev. Daniel S. RANKIN teaches at St. Mary's Manor, South Langhorne, Pa.

Margaret BYARD is a Connecticut critic.

A. de BETHUNE is author and illustrator of numerous books, articles, pamphlets. She teaches art at Portsmouth Priory School, Portsmouth, R. I., and has for years been associated with the *Catholic Worker*.